

It Doesn't Matter

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Summary: Another Draco/Hermione fic... See, Hermione decides to leave Hogwarts... and Draco... well... you'll see... =)

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A/R: This starts out playful, but then it gets kinda heavy. I wanted to just write a cute dialogue, but I have this tendency to write sadly sweet stuff. Anyway, there's no particular time or place that this is taking place, except that it's somewhere outdoors during the time that Hermione and Draco are at Hogwarts. If you want, you can think of this as a sequel to Listen To My Heart and/or a prequel to Secret Smile. Whatever. I kinda like this fic. It's a statement about discrimination, stereotyping and all that stuff. A lot deeper than it seems. Well, enjoy!

It Doesn't Matter

"You filthy mudblood."

Hermione turned and walked away. There was no point in arguing anymore. She was the smarter one, and she didn't feel that she'd need to prove herself to Draco. Or anyone.

"Where're you going?" He called out after her.

"Away."

"Good."

She jerked around to stare coldly at the pale boy. "You really don't understand, do you? I'm going away, and I'm not coming back. I'm leaving Hogwarts. I don't want to have to put up with the likes of you anymore. I don't need it. I really don't."

At first, he was at loss for words. Then he just said the first words that stumbled through his mind. "But everyone'll miss you!"

"Evidently, not \_everyone\_."

\_Oops\_. "All the Gryffindors will. Especially Weasley and Potter. You know they both have huge crushes on you. As do other guys."

She raised an eyebrow. "Others?"

\_Oopsâ€¦\_ I did it again.\_ "Yeah. Gryffindors. Like Neville and Seamus."

"So?"

"So, you can't leave."

"Why ever not?"

"I already told you!"

"Refresh my memory." Hermione smirked. She was almost starting to enjoy this.

"Because Iâ€¦ erâ€¦ weâ€¦ no, \_they'll\_ miss you." \_Crap\_. Draco had \_really\_ screwed up.

"\_You'll\_ miss me?"

"That's not what I meant to say."

"That's beside the point." Now Hermione was getting quite curious. "\_Will\_ you miss me?"

"Maybeâ€¦ er, no! Of course not! Why would I?"

"I don't know, really." Since she was so smart, it was no problem for her to manipulate him like this. "Why \_would\_ you miss me?"

"Iâ€¦ uhhâ€¦ noâ€¦ ummâ€¦"

"You \_would\_ miss me, wouldn't you?"

Draco looked down at the ground and kicked the dirt.

"Answer me," Hermione demanded flatly.

He looked up with puppy dog eyes and nodded sheepishly. This time \_he\_ was the one to turn his back.

Hermione thought, but wasn't sure, that Draco was crying. She watched for a moment, and her suspicions were confirmed when she could see his shoulders convulsing and that he was holding his face in his hands.

She cautiously tiptoed over towards him, as not to startle him, and placed her hand on his shoulder.

He shrugged her away. "This isn't right. I can'tâ€¦ you can'tâ€¦" He

sobbed.

Hermione took a step around Draco so that she was right in front of him. She put her hand to his face and forced him to look up at her. "Yes, we can."

For a moment, no words were uttered. The two looked deep into each other's eyes, studying every detail.

"We can," Draco repeated after the long silence.

Hermione thought for another moment. "I had always wondered why I wasn't sorted into Ravenclaw. If I would have been a Ravenclaw, we wouldn't be at odds like this."

A few remaining tears slid down Draco's face. He felt like a fool for crying. And yet he didn't. "You're not as smart as you are for no reason. It's so you realize how stupid this rivalry is. It shouldn't matter."

"It doesn't," she whispered, "Not to me."

End  
file.